

116. 1465. f 51.
BOEOTIA,

A

P O E M.

Humbly Addressed to his Excellency

PHILIP Earl of **CHESTERFIELD**,
Lord Lieutenant General and General
Governor of **IRELAND**, &c.

Spes vitæ cum solè redit. — Juv.

By the Rev. **WILLIAM DUNKIN**, D. D.



D U B L I N:

Printed by **GEORGE FAULKNER** in *Essex Street*
M, DEC, XLVII.

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By the Rev. William DUKY, D.D.

44



D U R I M

Printed by George Faulkner in 1792
M. DCC. XCII.

BOEOTIA,

POEM

Humbly Addressed to his Excellency

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

AS late I mus'd upon the Fates
Of various Monarchies and States,
The Revolutions on this Ball,
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall,
Ambition, Power, Pleasure, Strife,
And all the splendid Woes of Life,
The solid Views and watchful Schemes
Of Men appear'd as empty Dreams:

While Indignation fill'd my Mind,
 I sigh'd in Pity to my Kind,
 Till sunk in Meditation deep,
 Insensible I fell a-sleep,
 As if repos'd to rest: yet fraught
 With active, visionary Thought,
 Transported beyond Seas I stand
 On fam'd BÆOTIA's magic Land.
 When, lo! a *Theban* Bard appear'd,
 Serene his Front, and sage his Beard;
 A circling Crown of Bays he wears,
 That dignifies his hoary Hairs;
 One Hand compos'd his loose Attire,
 And one sustains an antient Lyre.
 He meek salutes me with a Smile,
 Descending to familiar Stile.
 While at his graceful Stature high,
 Majestic Mien and Eagle-Eye,
 As smitten with religious Aw
 I stood abash'd, and would withdraw.

Approach, he says, and lend an Ear,
 Nor Danger from *Amphion* fear.
 The pious Bards, who till these Glebes,
 Or live within the Walls of *Thebes*,

Are ever hospitable found;
 For here you tread on Clastic Ground,
 Each Guest (and be it long our boast)
 shall find an easy chearful Host
 All Men, who breath *Bæotian* Air,
 But chiefly Strangers, are our Care.
 Contented with our present Store,
 We seek from Providence no more,
 On Nature's Bounty freely live
 Unbounded, and as freely give,
 To *Phæbus* we devoutly true
 The Rust of Lucre never knew,
 No Passion, but his purer Flame,
 No Lust, but that of honest Fame.

"Those Walls, that Citadel, which throws
 Its Head imperial in the Clouds,
 To letter'd Eyes distinctly shine,
 And own their Architect divine,
 From Harmony such Beauty springs,
 I touch'd the Silver-sounding Strings:
 The Rocks began to move enorn,
 And roll'd spontaneous into Form.

Bæotia, memorable long
 For valiant Deed and lofty Song,

In

In Tears had utter'd her Complaints,
 That she condemn'd to sad Restraints,
 Despis'd, neglected, and oppress'd,
 Should ever stand a publick Jest.
 But *Jove*, in Pity to her Cries,
 That often rent the distant Skies,
 At length, amidst the grand Affairs
 Of high *Olympus*, hears her Pray'rs,
 Assenting to her Wishes, nods,
 And thus harangues the frequent Gods.

To each of you, ye sacred Bow'rs,
 Who share with me these blissful Bow'rs,
 My Substitutes, I have assign'd
 Some Province over human Kind.
 Triumphant *Mars* conducts the Race
 Of quiver-bearing hardy *Thrace*.

Tarentum and *Sidonja's* Coast
 Through you their distant Commerce boast,
 O *Neptune*, who the Realms divide,
 To bless them with a golden Tide.

Thee *Lemnos* hails, *Ætnean* Sire,
 Array'd with Majesty of Fire,

To

To forge against the bold revolts
 Of Rebels my terrific Bolts,
 That, from this Arm indignant hurl'd,
 Shall blast the Tyrants of the World.

You goodly *Bacchus*, *Pro to Care*,
 And that thy Sister, *Venus* fair,
 Controul the *Cyprian* Nymphs and Swains,
 And bind your Slaves in Silken Chains.

Gay *Pan*, attended by the Fauns,
 And Satyrs, dancing o'er the Lawns,
 Attunes the rural Reed, and roves
 Licentious through *Lycean* Groves,
 Or gently waves with awful Hand
 His Crook, the Scepter of Command,
 To teach the tender bleating Breed
 Amid the verdant Vales to feed,
 Or lead from nightly Wolves and Cold
 His fleecy Subjects to their Fold.

You *Pallas*, in Perfection born,
 With Arts divine your Sons adorn,
 And wide through *Attica* rever'd
 Protect the Towers, which you rear'd.

And

And yet behold a Nation, known
 For old Allegiance to my Throne!
 For me their choicest Victims feed
 And Hecatombs unnumber'd bleed:
 To me with reverential Vow,
 Their blameless Priests obedient bow,
 And pour unsparing at my Shrine
 Libations of the purest Wine.

If Virtue claims a just Reward,
Baotia merits my Regard:
 But she, renown'd of old for Arts,
 Accomplish'd Heads and martial Hearts
 Is now become the Ridicule
 Of each unbred, unletter'd Fool.
 But *Phæbus* thou, my Son sublime
 Revisit this unhappy Clime.
 To thee I delegate my Might
 Thou genial God of Wit and Light.
 There exercise thy guardian Sway,
 Though Demigods lament thy Stay.

Thy Beams shall banish black Despair,
 And purify the grosser Air.
 Each pleasing Attribute is thine,
 Thou, skill'd in Pharmacy divine

Shalt

Shalt all her Perturbations calm,
And give to ev'ry Wound a Balm;

Thy Quiver, with becoming Pride
Suspended by thy regal Side,
Such as adorns the Virgin Queen,
Shall teem with Darts and Arrows keen;
Though none, but Animals malign'd
By Vice, and preying on their Kind,
Shall ever from Experience know
The feather'd Vengeance of thy Bow.

Go then— nor shalt thou go alone,
Astrea shall support thy Throne,
Nor shall she blush again to see
The World, when countenanc'd by thee;
Her shall the never-failing Horn
Of Plenty, Joy, Content adorn,
While she, by passing Crowds ador'd,
Shall poise the Scales, and wield the Sword.

Thy Brother *Mercury* shall deign
To lead the Graces in thy Train,
And they to mortal Eyes reveal
Their Beauties half, and half conceal.

The Muses should obey thy Call,
But they in Thee are centred all.

Then shall *Bæotia's* Offspring rise,
To lift her Glories to the Skies,
Thebes rival *Athens* in her Charms,
And shine in Arts, as well as Arms.

Already she thy Presence waits,
See rushing through her crowded Gates
Her Poets, each with Rapture led
To bow to thee the laurel'd Head!
Thy great Example shall inspire
Their Souls with more exalted Fire,
And teach the Druids of the Grove
To celebrate thy Father *Jove*.
That lenient and enchanting Hand,
Whose melting Modulations bland
Infernal Anguish could assuage,
Yet crush'd the baneful *Python's* Rage.
But there no Pest, in Volumes roll'd,
With flaming Crest of scaly Gold,
And forked Tongue, awakes our Fear,
Or darts Defiance at thy Spear.

Vertumnus

Vertumnus at thy Sight renews
 The Beauties of a thousand Hues,
 And rich *Pomona*, who had pin'd
 So long by wat'ry Clouds confin'd,
 Thy Radiance blushing to behold,
 Displays her vegetable Gold,
 While yellow *Ceres* through the Land
 Invites the lusty Reaper's Hand.

Bright Liberty like this above,
 Which knows no Bands, but those of Love,
 Establishes her Empire now,
 And Peace extends her Olive Bough!

Bæotia cherish'd by thy Rays
 Begins a Course of *Halcyon* Days,
 While many troubled Nations round,
 Excited by the brazen Sound
 Of horrid War, with *Stygian*-Breath
 Spread Ruin, Rage, and mutual Death.

So *Delos*, which had stray'd, before
Latona sanctify'd her Shore,
 Confess'd the present God in you,
 And first a firm Foundation knew,

While

While other Hles no Rest could gain,
Toss'd through the wide *Ægean* Main.

He said : Away the Vision flies ;
I sudden starting in Surprise
Was 'waken'd by the glad Uproar,
That **CHESTERFIELD** was safe on Shore.

F I N I S.

THE
STORY
OF
DAPHNE,
APPLIED
In a POEM
TO THE
Right Honourable the Countess
of CHESTERFIELD.



Printed in the Year MDCC, XLVII.

THE

STORY

OF

DAPHNE

APPLIED

IN A FABLE

TO THE

Right Honourable the Commons
of GREAT BRITAIN



Printed in the Year 1784

THE
STORY
OF
DAPHNE,
APPLIED
In a POEM
TO THE

Right Honourable the Countess
of CHESTERFIELD.

THE candid Muse, ambitious to record
The real Merits of thy matchless Lord,
Yet nice to banish from the tuneful Page
The barefac'd Praises of a fulsome Age,
Beneath *Apollo's* radiant Form design'd 5
The Poet, Patron, Friend to human Kind,
Obliquely

Obliquely painting in prophetic Strain

The rising Trophies of his golden Reign,
And Statesmen, knitting with heroic Zeal
The Monarch's Glory to the Nation's Weal. 10
Not like some wily Ministers of old,
Who bought the Subjects, and as basely sold,
Who fill'd, intent upon their private Gains,
The Royal Coffers from the sickly Veins
Of Realms exhausted: They with lawless
Pride 15

Superior floated on Corruption's Tide,
Till, as it ebb'd, with unavailing Oar
They sunk, rebounding from the rocky Shore.

Thy Lord advances by securer Arts
His Master's Treasure with his People's
Hearts; 20
Contending Parties his Behests approve,
As jarring Atoms to their Centre move:
All tend to him, he moderates between,
Informs the mingled Mass, and guides the vast
Machine. 25

At his appearance Disaffection fled,
And mute Rebellion hung her dastard Head.

The

The Fiend, begotten in a Convent's Gloom,
 Nurs'd by the Purple Tyranny of *Rome*,
 Matur'd by *Gallia*, for ignoble ends,
 Through frozen Climes her baneful Journey
 bends; 30

While, rous'd by *Stanhope* against *Europe's* Foes,
Hibernia's Breast with loyal Ardour glows.

The Cause is rated by the blest Effects,
 Whatever Vows from disunited Sects
 The willing Nation to his Levee brings 35
 Whatever Homage to the best of Kings,
 His Tutelage repays with rich Increase
 Of Godlike Freedom and untroubled Peace.

The Sun, thus genial with attractive Beams,
 From oozy Lakes, or amber-mazy Streams, 40
 Exhales the Vapours, which he sheds in Rain,
 And pearly Dew, to chear the thirsty Plain.

Let baser Spirits loud Professions make,
 He makes no Promise, for his Actions speak :
 So, when he shone amidst *Britannia's* Peers, 45
 Charming with *Attic* Eloquence their Ears,
 And shook the Senate in his Country's Cause,
 Profound Attention was their best Applause.

He claims the tribute of each tuneful Tongue :
 Yet half remains, while you remain un-
 sung ; 50

Illustrious Lady, when the pious Muse
 Would paint Perfection, let the Poet chuse
 A bright Example of sublime Degree,
 And Style it *DIAN*, while he Copies Thee,
 Instruct the Fair to captivate the Wife, 55
 And win their Hearts, while they subdue their
 Eyes,

Through all the Scenes of various Life to please,
 To think with Dignity, and act with Ease.
 At once you teach them to be good and great,
 And reconcile Humility with State ; 60
 Like ambient Heav'n, which high above our
 Heads

Its azure Field majestically spreads,
 Yet, as with Rapture we survey it round,
 The lucid Circle seems to touch the Ground.

Thou, chaste as *Dian*, shalt exert thy
 Pow'rs, 65
 And deck the Virgins with unfading Flow'rs,
 Untainted Honour and unerring Truth,
 Which add new Beauties to the Spring of Youth,
 The

The mental Joys of pure Esteem engage,
And warm the Winter of declining Age. 73

Yet, here the Poet's Parallel must fail,
The fullen Goddess sought the dusky Vale,
Suspicious of our Sex, she led her Maids,
Thro' dismal Groves, and unfrequented Glades,
Far from the Paths of social Life to stray, 75
Dens their Abodes, and Savages their Prey.

But you recall the Graces from the Gloom,
Display their Worth, and dignify their Bloom,
Bid modest Merit to your Pomp resort,
Invite the Virtues to reside at Court; 80
And teach the Nymphs, though fraught with
Gifts divine

Their highest Triumph is a Choice like thine.
Hence may they learn with Elegance to rate
The Bliss of *Hymen*, and avoid the Fate
Of haughty *Daphne*, who disdain'd to sit 85
Supreme in Splendor with immortal Wit,
Renounc'd the Pleasures of the *Paphian Queen*,
Without the Guilt, to gratify her Spleen,
And pine away, like Lillies in the Vale,
Sad was her Fate, and mournful is the Tale. 90
Ye gentle Shepherds, yet with Pity hear;
Ye modest Virgins, drop a tender Tear!

Coy *Daphne*, fairest of the Virgin Train,
 That danc'd with *Venus* on the painted Plain.
 Was once a lovely Nymph from *Peneus*
 sprung, 95

(As melting *Ovid* hath divinely sung,)
 But cruel *Cupid* was resolv'd to show
 The double Vengeance of his fatal Bow,
 At once to kindle an insatiate Fire,
 And quench the purer Flames of young
 Desire, 100

With Lightning keen her rolling Eyes he fed,
 And o'er her Cheeks the living Roses spread,
 But at her Bosom shot a leaden Dart,
 That numb'd her Senses, and congeal'd her
 Heart.

Not so, at *Phæbus* from his feather'd
 Store 105

A golden Arrow, never try'd before,
 He sped with Rage; the pointed Poison aim'd
 Full at his Breast, his very Soul inflam'd.
 On her he gaz'd, and laid his Rays aside,
 On her he gaz'd: She look'd with distant
 Pride; 110

Till

She coldly heard him, as he warmly woo'd,
 She swiftly fled, as swiftly he pursu'd:
 Till faint and panting in her feeble Flight,
 She sunk arrested by the God of Light.
 He closely clasp'd her in his eager Arms,
 Deaf to his Vows, relentless to his Charms.
 Aghast, distracted with tumultuous Fear,
 She cry'd, O *Peneus*, Father *Peneus* hear!
 Save, save my Honour from the rushing Storm,
 And quick destroy this too bewitching
 Form :

120

She scarce had ended, when her Body shoots
 Up into Boughs, and downward into Roots.
 Unhappy Maid ! who might have been a Bride,
 But fell a Victim to her Shame and Pride !
 Her Pride mistaken, and her guilty Shame
 Expos'd her Honour, to preserve a Name.
 Depriv'd of Rites, that might her Birth adorn,
 She feels due Vengeance, and laments her
 Scorn.

Rent by the Tyrants of each distant Clime
 And vile Pretenders to melodious Rhyme.

At length to thee, repenting *Daphne* flies,
 Retrieve her Fame, and consecrate the prize.
 Thy Hand, soft plighted in connubial Vows,
 Shall weave a Garland of her verdant Boughs,
 To crown thy Lord, and *Daphne* cease to
 mourn, 135
 Beloy'd by *Phæbus*, and by *Stanhope* worn,



